VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS

STOLEN BY THE AUTHOR FROM HIS LEISURE HOURS

BY M. RUSSELL THAYER

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STOLEN BY THE AUTHOR FROM HIS LEISURE HOURS

BY

M. RUSSELL THAYER

PHILADELPHIA
1905

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Printed by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia

3539
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THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE GARTER

When the third Edward charged on Cressy's field
For England's honor and his royal right,
And France beneath the sudden tempest reeled
Of English swords that fell with flashing light,
A ribbon blue from royal limbs unbound,
And wildly streaming from the monarch's helm,
Told where the battle's fiercest thunder rolled
And marked the spot whereon was lost a realm.

INVOCATION OF THE "CASTA DIVA"

O thou, whose modest, soft, and pensive light,
Piercing the shade of melancholy boughs,
With glory crowned the long, still, summer night,
Where Cretan maidens pledged their early vows;
Or o'er the wild and lonely Dorian hills
Amid thy train of nymphs wast seen to sweep,
Or lightly danced to sound of gushing rills,
That rolled from Latmus' dark and cavern'd steep.

Hail to thy smile to-night!
Hail to thy flowing hair!
Hail to thy hallowed light!
Hail, Goddess, chaste and fair!

O thou, Latona's fairest, sweetest child,
Apollo's peerless sister, who, with locks untied,
Wast wont to chase the golden deer, that wild
By swift Anaurus roamed in antlered pride,
Who oft, as Grecian legends wildly tell,
On green Thessalian hills, amid the chase,
The boy Endymion met, who loved so well
Thy matchless beauty and thy faultless grace.

Hail to thy smile to-night!
Hail to thy flowing hair!
Hail to thy hallowed light!
Hail, Goddess, chaste and fair!

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

"Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum, tendinus in Latium."—ÆNEID, Lib. 1.

Our life is but a shifting cruise
Upon the seas of time,
Beneath us roll the restless waves,
The stars above us shine.

Bright skies of youth above us bend,
And joy the sail unfurls;
A land breeze drives us from the strand,
And blue the ocean curls.

The sunny isles are on our lea,
And dream-land fadeth fast;
Before the wind we crowd away,
The shores of youth are past!

The ship is tight, the sails are strong,
Our hearts are hearts of oak;
We shrink not from the white waves rush,
And quail not at its shock.

The storm-clouds hang in dusky folds
O'er manhood's rocky prime;
Loud thunders shake the tropic seas,
We cross the burning line!

Before the trade-winds of success
Now fearlessly we plough,
Ambition's beacon light ahead,
The gold coast on our bow.

Gray disappointment lifts afar
His summits bleak and bare,
And at their base in anger burst
The whirlpools of despair.

The winds are cold, the fogs are thick,
Like lead the heavy sky;
Our sister barks are foundered all,
Before the gale we fly.

Amid the mists of growing years,
Around the Cape we flee;
Old age's waste before us lies,
A lone Pacific sea.

The tide of time still bears us on,
There is no place of rest;
But aromatic odors blow
From islands of the blest.

The sea is wide and lone and drear,
And silence everywhere;
But golden sunset on the waves,
And music in the air.

The coral reefs beneath us lie,
But clear the stars arise,
And in the crystal depths we see
The image of the skies.

The fourth watch of the night is past,
The day begins to break,
The frozen sea of fate is near,
"Oh, sleep not now! Awake!"

"Stand up, thou aged mariner!
Hold fast the swinging helm!
And fear thou not the surf that rolls
On Death's Antarctic realm!

" Trust thou in God! and though thy sails
In shreds must strew the blast,
Thy gallant bark shall ride it out,
And make the land at last!"

JE T'AIMERAI

Je t'aimerai, je chérirai mes chaînes,
Tant que la rose aura sa douce odeur,
Le ciel ses feux, la terre ses fontaines,
L'onde son cours et les bois leur frondeur.
Je t'aimerai.

Je t'aimerai, je te serai fidèle,
Tant que l'épine armera les buissons,
Tant que du caillou jaillira l'étincelle,
Tant que l'écho réfléchira les sons.
Je t'aimerai.

Je t'aimerai, tant que dans la nature
Succéderont les roses aux boutons,
Aux noirs frimas une aimable verdure,
Les fruits aux fleurs, les saisons aux saisons.
Je t'aimerai.

I'LL LOVE THEE STILL

While roses breathe their sweet perfume,
And stars keep silent watch on high,
While fountains sparkle in the sultry noon,
And green-leaved woods in summer sigh,
While tides are true unto the changing moon,
I'll love thee still!

While thorns shall bristle in the tangled dell,
While rocks their hidden fires contain,
And echo's voice delight to tell,
In sweet response, thy lovely name,
One faithful passion shall my bosom swell,
I'll love thee still!

While buds shall burst to blooming flowers,
And winter's barren frosts give place
To spring-time's green and laughing bowers;
While o'er fair Nature's varied face
The seasons roll their changing hours,
I'll love thee still!

A DIRGE FOR CUSTER

I.

Let all the muffled bells be tolled,
Let all the muffled drums be rolled,
Let all the banners weep and trail,
And let the trumpets blow a mournful wail,
For the brave whose last long march is o'er,
For the brave who will return no more.

Toll, toll, toll,
Roll, roll, roll,
Ye muffled bells and muffled drums,
For the brave who will return no more.

II.

All through the blaze of burning day,
All through the dusty plain they rode away;
All through the gloom of deepening night
They climbed and waited for the dawning light.
Weep, O ye mountain mists that gather o'er
The brave who will return no more, no more.

Toll, toll, ye muffled bells,
Roll, roll, ye muffled drums,
For the brave who are no more.

III.

Up through the frowning woods, up where the torrents run,
Their sabres flashing in the morning sun,
Each order passed in accents stern but low,—
Their yellow squadrons ride to meet the foe.
Their starry flag still proudly floating o'er
The brave who will return no more, no more.
Toll, toll, ye muffled bells,
Roll, roll, ye muffled drums,
For the brave who are no more.

IV.

Down through the savage glens they charge,
Down to the river's wooded marge,
Nor heed the legion fiends in hiding there,
Nor fear the savage yells that rend the air.
O God, it is a fearful odds they brave,
They fight not now, but for a soldier's grave.
Toll, toll, ye muffled bells,
Roll, roll, ye muffled drums,
For the brave who are no more.

V.

Their deeds of wondrous valor who shall tell?
No soldier left the field where Custer fell.
Beneath the wild Montana woods they sleep,
Above their lonely couch the aspens weep;

But every wind that blows across their grave
Shall mourn for aye the unreturning brave.
Toll, toll, toll,
Roll, roll, roll,
Ye muffled bells and muffled drums,
For the brave who will return no more.

A LAMENT

"My heart is smitten and withered like grass."—Psalm cii.

There is a sharper pang than death,
A lot more lonely than the grave—
It is to live and draw our breath
O'er those we loved but could not save.

There is a yearning for the dead
That living love can never know,
A passion that hath naught of dread,
But is the very dregs of woe.

To live when all hath faded quite,
In the wide world to be alone,
And smothered is the cheerful light
That shone upon our warm hearthstone.

To stand beside the green-clad mound
That closely shrines a mother's clay;
To lay her little children down
In all the bloom of life's young day.

In dreams to see their faces dear,
And live again the years long flown;
To wake in darkness and in tears
And find them gone, forever gone.

To breathe and move 'mid living men,
With heart close wedded to the dead;
To seek to fold them in our arms,
And clasp a shade instead.

To sigh to join them on the happy shore,
And yet in solitude live on;
To look for those we see no more,
The lovely ones all gone.

To live, to move, to draw our breath
O'er those we loved but could not save—
This is a sharper pang than death,
A lot more lonely than the grave.

Cease, oh, cease, complaining heart,
And weep not for thine early dead;
From life's dull thraldom they depart
A better, fairer land to tread.

A flowery portal is the grave
That leads to God's own land above—
There shalt thou find them all again,
With all their beauty, all their love.

AN EPITAPH

"Ex tumulo fortunataque favilla nascentur violæ."
"Lay her i' the earth.
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring."
Hamlet.

Beneath this bending rose-tree's snowy bloom,
Planted by loving hands and wet with many tears,
They made, in hope but yet in sorrow, room
For her whose smile through all the rolling years
Had sown with flowers the paths of many feet.
Beneath this springing turf, this sunny spot
Here in this fragrant solitude, so meet
A resting-place for her whose happy lot
It was on earth to gather many friends,
And ne'er amid its tumults, one to lose;
Here, where o'er the violets' bloom the cypress bends,
And summer winds the summer blossoms woo,
They laid her in the morning of her days.
Stay, O stranger, stay thy wandering tread,
One moment stay upon thy weary way,
And bless the memory of the early dead.

AU REVOIR

A few short years of exile here,
  Like strangers on a foreign strand,
'Mid life's dead hopes and withered flowers,
  And we shall meet thee in that better land,
Where now thy faultless spirit roams—
  The sea that rolls between us crossed—
And clasp thee in our arms once more,
  Oh, early loved and early lost!

ALONE

All, all alone upon a dreary road,
  With blighted flowers and withered roses strown,
He journeys on beneath the load
  Of sorrow that no ending hath.
A poor benighted traveller, he sees afar
  No ruddy gleam to cheer him on.
Alas! the light that was his morning star
  Upon his hearthstone has gone out.

MEMORIES

Sweet memories that rise
  On life's o'erclouded path,
When hope a stricken quarry lies
  Beneath the tempest's wrath.
A broken lute, a dying strain
  That haunts our evening dreams,
A sunset sky with golden rain,
  Or moonlight on the seas.

THE RAISING OF SAMUEL

Within the shadow of the rifted crags
The mountain wolf had sought his lair, and like
The mingling footsteps of a countless host
The autumn rain upon the withered leaves
In mournful murmurs fell; and night winds crept
With dismal sighs across Gilboa's wilds,
When from the sleeping camp the king went forth.
A darker cloud than that which in its folds
Enveloped all the hills was on his brow;
His step was regal still, and firm as when
Of yore amid the gathered tribes he stood,
A graceful stripling, at the prophet's side,
And heard the loyal shout that made him king.
His giant form, that like the forest pine
Had soared on Mizpah's plain above the throng

Of mail-clad chiefs, was still unbent with years,
And in its iron prime the strength revealed
That on an hundred fields had backward rolled
The tide of war, and made his name a fear
Wherewith Philistine mothers oft had stilled
The cries of children trembling at their knees.
Unquenched within his martial eye there burned
The blaze of that heroic courage still
That in his youth before him drove like sheep
The scattered rout of Amalek, and o'er
The plains of Moab scourged the gentile brood
That with its presence mocked the camp of God.
But from his cheek the bloom had passed away
That, like the crimson sunrise on the sea,
Had tinged the dusky olive of his youth.
Upon his manly visage, bronzed by toil
And desert marches and the watch-fire's light,
The majesty of peace no longer dwelt;
But from the gloomy portals of his soul,
Like caged and cruel vultures through their bars,
Looked forth remorse and desolate despair.
Before his eyes in visioned horror rose
The priests in sacrilegious fury slain,
Their snowy robes all stained with gore,
And on their sacred brows the furrows deep and red
Of his apostate sword. Within his ears
Forever rang, as if they called for doom,
The smothered cries of Hebrew babes that from

Their mother's bleeding arms were dashed, when by
His stern command the sacred city fell.
In dreams or by the voice of holy men,
Or on the mystic breastplate's awful front,
No sign appeared, and in the frown of Heaven,
As in the shadow of a thunder-cloud,
His proud and melancholy footsteps lay.
Upon the night breeze came
From far, above the sound of dashing rain,
The warlike murmur of the heathen host,
That with its thousand camp-fires lit the sky,
And with the sound of desert drums and clash
Of cymbals sharp the midnight silence broke.
That morn, with tread that shook the harvest field,
And banners streaming in the golden dawn,
Through Shunem's gates their countless spears had passed,
And in her crowded ways their hostile hordes
With tumult fierce and wild confusion swarmed.
In Judah's rocky camp the sound was heard,
And in his heavy sleep the soldier turned
And dreamed of laughing children in his vine-clad home;
And as around his neck he felt once more
Their little arms entwined, awoke in tears.

Across the hills and through the forest paths,
And o'er the stormy plain, the monarch strode,

And stood at length within the cavern'd gloom,
Where with the beasts among the mountain wilds,
An outcast from the brotherhood of man,
In fearful solitude the sorceress dwelt
Whose voice, as white-lipped rumor trembling told,
Had power, by dark mysterious spells,
From out the voiceless realm of dusty death
The living shapes of buried men to call.
Her wrinkled form, with years and sorrow bent,
Upon the wall a ghastly shadow cast,
And like the sea-foam on her shoulders streamed
Her long dishevelled hair. A light like that
Which gleams from out the eyes of dying men
Was o'er her pale and hollow features cast,
And on her ashen cheek the dreadful smile
That madness in its rapture wears. She seemed
A living death forever doomed to bear,
Amid the ruins of decrepit age,
The weary load of joyless life that prays
In vain for dreamless slumber in the grave.
Upon the king her mournful gaze she turned,
And o'er her withered limbs a shudder passed,
As with a frozen voice he bade her call
The spirit of the buried prophet up
Whose bones were hearsed in death at Ramah.
The air was calm, and not a sound save that
Of falling rain among the forest leaves
Was heard, and like a giant statue stood

The king, breathless and still amid the gloom,
And on the dusky air his vision bent,
When with her gaunt and shrivelled arm upraised,
And with a muttered charm, she bade him " come!"
A peal of thunder shook the midnight sky:
And, as it died among the distant hills,
There came a sound upon the ebon air,
As if an earthquake struggled with its chains,
And from its prison gloom was rushing forth.
A wild unearthly gleam the cavern filled,
And in its dim and lurid light stood forth
A pale majestic form.
The woman shrieked with fear, and from the king
Burst forth a groan, as to the earth he reeled
And on the rocky floor his armor rang;
" I see, I see," she screamed, " the form of Gods
From out the womb of earth ascending rise!
Such as he was when in his robes he stood
To judge the tribes, he stands! an aged man
With frowning look, and locks like drifted snow,
And o'er his form a prophet's mantle thrown!"
She ceased, and like the sound of sullen floods
There came a sad and solemn voice that cried,
" Wherefore with rude disquiet from the dust
Hast thou provoked my resting soul, and called
Me up to earth, O false degenerate Saul!
Behold, from out thine hand the Lord hath rent
Thy kingly power! upon thine uncrowned brow

The dews of death already stand, and ere
The shadows of another night shall fall
Thou and thy princely sons with me shall be!"
The voice was hushed, and like the viewless wind
The shadowed form had fled.

The storm had passed.
Slowly the king rose up, and as he went
The light of morning stars revealed big tears
That stood upon his cold and bloodless cheek.

VESPERS IN THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS, AT ST. MARY'S, BURLINGTON

[Note.—The Chapel of the Holy Innocents is the Chapel of St. Mary's Hall. On a scroll pictured in the large stained window facing the west is the inscription, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."]

Twilight's dews are falling fast
  Upon the green and silent shore;
Twilight clouds their shadows cast
  The deeply rolling river o'er.
The zephyr's voice is scarcely heard
  Amid the willows' pensive boughs;
The robin's song is silent now,
  And hushed the boatman's wild carouse.

Dimly and red the rolling sun
Now sinks beneath the western sky,
As like a king whose race is run,
He lays him down in pomp to die.
Upon the river's swelling breast
His soft and crimson glory falls,
On many a cloud's embattled crest,
And on St. Mary's hallowed walls.

Hark! the vesper bell is tolling
With a sweet and mournful sound,
O'er the woods and waters rolling
In murmurs deep and strains profound.
To prayer! to prayer! Oh, come and kneel
Before the great and glorious God,
And learn the language of the skies,
Ye gentle "handmaids of the Lord."

In thronging beauty forth they come
Unto the solemn place of prayer;
And now the organ's pealing notes
Are trembling on the evening air.
A hundred voices soft and clear
Are floating through the arches high,
A hundred voices tuned as one
Are ringing upward to the sky.

"God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and show us the light of His countenance."

Oh, holy strain, oh, blessed prayer,
That rolls along the solemn aisle,
That floats upon the evening air,
And angels bear to Heaven the while;
Across the waves, across the fields,
It swells with cadence strong and full,
And lingers on the trembling leaves—
"To us, O God, be Merciful."

The sunset's red and golden light
Is streaming on the chancel floor,
And through the chapel's vaulted height
The blessed prayer is heard to pour.
And with the organ's pealing sound
Still swells in cadence sweet and full,
Till every echo breathes around,
"To us, O God, be Merciful."

The river wind hath caught the sound,
And bears it on his pinions strong;
And trees, with summer glory crowned,
The blest and holy strain prolong.
And floating on the distant air
Is borne, in cadence low but full,
The burthen of the evening prayer—
"To us, O God, be Merciful."

The fisher on his homeward way,
Silent leaneth on his weary oar,
And hears amid the twilight gray
That sweet and solemn chant once more,
As stealing o'er the waters far,
In accents wild and cadence full,
It trembles on the summer air—
"To us, O God, be Merciful."

BURLINGTON BANK

On many a long and sunny day,
Along thy green and shadowy shore,
That like an emerald carpet lay,
With early daisies sprinkled o'er,
I've wandered in a gentle dream,
And thought, how like the river's solemn flow,
The chequer'd shade and summer gleam,
And murmur soft of waters low,
This morning dream of life doth seem.

On many a sweet and starlight eve,
When parting daylight on thy waters slept,
As loath thy fragrant shades to leave,
And summer dews in silence wept,
I've wandered in a pensive dream,
And thought how like the sunset's parting glow,
The silent dew, and passing stream,
This changing dream of life doth seem.

On many a wild and windy night,
No starlight in the darkened sky,
When spirit voices seemed to shout
Amid thy cloistered branches high,
I've wandered in a lonely dream,
And thought how like the rushing wind,
The shadows dark, and moaning stream,
This stormy dream of life doth seem.

SONG OF THE REVOLUTIONARY

(Tune—"Dearest Mae")

Come, children, gather round me, and listen while I tell
A story of the struggle in which your fathers fell.
How in the valleys and on the lonely hills
Their blood was mingled freely with the peaceful summer rills.

(Chorus) Oh, Liberty!
What blood has flowed for thee!
What hopes once bright
Have set in night,
For the happy days we see!

The haughty British tyrant upon our freeborn land
The fetters of his thraldom in vain he strove to bind.
Up rose the people, and like an angry sea,
They gathered to the struggle, the struggle of the free!
Oh, Liberty! etc.

He sent his legioned soldiers in thousands to tread down
The harvests of your fathers and to uphold his crown,

The bravest of their children to slaughter he did doom,
And with the torch and faggot their smiling homes consume.

Oh, Liberty! etc.

But like the distant thunder when storm clouds loom around,
The war-cry of the people, it shook the solid ground.
From each hill and valley, and from the lonely stream,
They gathered to do battle for the gallant old thirteen.

Oh, Liberty! etc.

George Washington, he led them to triumph and renown,
Till in the dust they trampled the British lion down.
They drove them from the hill-tops, the soldiers of the free,
They drove them from the valleys into the foaming sea.

Oh, Liberty! etc.

At Bunker Hill they showed them how free-born men could stand,
At Lexington and Concord how sharp was freedom's brand;
At Monmouth and at Trenton, and Saratoga too,
At Stony Point and Princeton, and Cowpen's field of blue.

Oh, Liberty! etc.

AN EXORCISM

(Addressed to the foul fiend of sickness)

By the curling mists of morn,
By the dew-drops on the lawn,
By the songs of summer birds,
By the lowing of the herds,
By the green and silent leaves,
By the golden harvest sheaves,
By the breath of infant flowers,
And by the hush of twilight hours.

Begone! Begone!

By the flow of shining streams,
By the moonlight's broken beams,
By the echoes of forgotten strains,
And by the songs we hear in dreams;

By the quiet midnight stars,
Gleaming through my prison bars,
By sleepless nights and dreary days,
And by the hope that still betrays.
Begone! Begone!

By the queenly grace of C,
By the loveliness of D,
By M——a's high-born charms,
And by L——a's ivory arms;
By the sparkling wit of N,
And W's smile that asketh "when?"
By the glorious charm that lies
In fair S——a's sparkling eyes.
I charge thee to begone!

ANOTHER EXORCISM

By lonely knight in tower forgotten,
By black despair of hope begotten,
By maiden's cold that cruelly deny
The only spell that vengeful demons try;
By unsaid vows that still are broken,
And by each withered perjured token;
By icy hearts and eyes of stone,
And by the friend that smiles when you are gone;
By frantic sights and dreams of horror,
And by the fool that fondly trusts to-morrow;
By all the malice of your mortal foeman,
And by the Clytemnestra heart of woman.
Avaunt! Avaunt!

TO A LADY WHO SENT HIM A BUNCH OF FLOWERS IN HIS SICKNESS

God's blessing on thy gentle hand!
That to beguile my weary hours
Makes thee unconsciously to stand
By my lone couch, disguised in flowers;
Thy presence fills the perfumed air,
Thy beauty blooms in every rose,
Thy smile is on each blossom fair
And from each leaf thy sweetness flows.

LINES TO S.

Starless and cold my lonely path had wound
O'er boisterous seas, through gloomy depths profound,
Perplexed with woe—by shadows led astray—
Had'st thou not dawned upon my darkened way,
In pity smiled upon my shipwrecked life,
And blest with love the holy name of wife.

LINES TO MRS. E. M.

(In reply to an inquiry why I looked at her)

Why seek the flowers the risen sun,
  Why turns the magnet to the pole,
Why do streamlets to the rivers run,
  And rivers to the ocean roll?
A mystic power—a hidden spell—
  All things inanimate control.
Why should I then seek *words* to tell
  The untaught *instinct* of the soul.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS BENTIVOGLIO.

When years have winged their silent flight,
  And memory, like a pensive maid,
Shall weep amid the scenes once bright,
  O'er which through flowers her footsteps strayed;
When youth's bright dreams are vanished all,
  And manhood's burning noon is past;
When wintry snows upon my temples fall,
  And evening shades are thickening fast,
Oh, let me then but dream of thee,
  As now thou art in beauty's bloom.
Let me but hear, in fancy's ear,
  The voice I heard in years long flown,
And calm and placid as a summer sea
  Beneath Italian skies serene,
The twilight of my days shall be,
  Oh, lovely, gentle, sweet Pauline!

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD

"That through the grave and gate of death we may pass to our joyful resurrection."—*Collect for Easter-Even.*

Arise, O gloomy Death! unto thy realm
Of dreamless peace we come, and in our arms
The hoarded treasure of our love we bring.
Within thy crowded courts no purer form
Hath passed since He who slept in Joseph's tomb
Trod with majestic march thy voiceless paths.
Behold, how in marmoreal beauty now,
With hope's bright seal upon his baby brow,
And stainless flowers upon his tideless breast,
And that familiar smile upon his lips
Congealed, he lies and waiteth for the dawn.
The cypress shade no terror hath for him,
Nor yet the stillness of thy dreary way.
On us, on us the mists and darkness fall,
But he, in innocence and truth secure,
Shall tread the highway which the King hath made.
Fling wide thine ebon gate, O Death! and through
Thy portal dim, oh, gently bear our sleeping child;
That waking, he may turn and smile on thee,
From where in Paradise he walks with God.

TO THE LADY WHO REFUSED A LOCK OF HAIR TO EXORCISE THE FOUL FIEND OF SICKNESS

Maiden with the locks of bright and crispèd gold,
Who hast thine eighteenth blooming summer told,
A weary knight, in dark and lonesome tower,
Condemned in pain to languish hour by hour,
By dark demoniac spells harassed and torn,
To sorrow doomed from night to weary morn,
In pity craved thee graciously to give
That which alone could hence the demons drive.
Imploringly he craved a ringlet fair
From out the tresses of thy braided hair,
And told thee still that by that magic spell
He could exorcise all the fiends of hell,
And to his pallid frame restore once more
The vigor he displayed in lists of yore.
But thou did'st coldly turn thee from his prayer,
And bade him perish in his lonely lair;
With pride and scorn and cold averted eye
You left him in his prison-house alone to die.
Lady with the locks of glistening gold,
Hast thou not heard the legend sad and old
Of her who in the gray old feudal time
Dwelt by the waters of the rolling Rhine?
Of her whose hard and cold and cruel heart
Proudly, disdainfully refused to part

With what a faithful knight did humbly crave,
And how she spurned him like a thrallèd slave,
And how amid the rivers rushing foam
She standeth now a cold and breathless stone?

WORDS ACCOMPANYING A GLASS OF ICED PUNCH

(Sent to a young lady who was sick)

Drink, weary pilgrim, from this wayside spring,
And if its waves refresh thy gentle soul,
A shrine shall o'er its crystal bed be built;
And with returning summer's golden hours
Fresh garlands on its mossy marge be hung,
While o'er its babbling flood, with vines o'ergrown,
A rustic stone shall to each eye proclaim,
"Drink, weary soul!" and bless the gelid stream
That gave an angel to her friends again.

"REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH," ETC.

While yet the sunrise on thy morning path
  Its drifting cloud of golden incense throws,
While youth's clear spring no bitter flavor hath,
  And thornless blooms the white unspotted rose;
While yet the hours, with footsteps soft and fleet,
  Bear thee along from morn to joyous even;
While amaranthine hopes around thy feet
  Hang thick with buds that bloom alone in heav'n;
Or ever yet the evil days have come
  When clouds shall hang upon thy dreary way,
Or ever yet the race of life is run
  And darkness gathers on thy closing day,
Before the golden bowl which God hath hung
  Fast by the fountain of Eternal Hope,
Forever from its silver cord hath swung,
  And on the marble floor of Death is broke.
Remember Him!

THE CANARY'S DIRGE

Songless and cold! poor exile from Atlantic isles,
Thy golden plumes still flushed with tropic light,
Alas! that in a stranger land, 'mid captive wiles
Thy life of song, so sweet, should take its flight;
That thou shouldst lead a captive's weary life
Thou free and happy child of upper air;
That thou shouldst know the sad and homesick strife
Of the crushed heart that pines for freedom in despair!

Say, amid thy dreary, sad, and sick decline,
Didst thou not dream of sisters sweet, whose voices low
The echoes woke, of lands beyond the rolling brine?
Did no sad dream of mother's tuneful woe,
And of thy wild and gladsome island home
Steal like summer twilight o'er thy heavy eye,
Bidding thee, in sweet and plaintive accents, "Come,"
And on thy spirit-wings to homeward fly?

Yet still more hapless might thy lot have been,
Thou bird of cheerful song and golden crest!
Had ruder eyes thy modest beauties seen,
Had ruder hands thy graceful form caressed.

A gentle jailer kept thy prison door, sweet bird,
And as thy varied praise e'en to thy face she dared to tell,
They who had thy loud and cheerful carol heard
Had said, thou wert content in such sweet bonds to dwell.

THE CANARY'S RETURN

From the depths of far Atlantic isles,
Embosom'd in the emerald sea,
Where one long summer blooms and smiles,
And flowers perennial strew the lea;
From the sounding woods, and valleys wild,
That live and bloom in the spirit-land,
By thy loved memory still beguiled,
I turn again to thy sweet hand.

Though summer gilds their rolling year,
And flowers that fade not gem the vale;
Though sisters sweet and mother dear
The loved and absent one bewail;
Amid the glories of that spirit-land,
The sweet savannas of the deep blue sea,
I miss, sweet maid, thy tender hand,
And turn, loved one, again to thee!

LINES SENT TO MRS. ARTHUR MIDDLETON AND MRS. EDWARD MIDDLETON WITH A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS

These wild flowers from the lonely dell,
  And garden-glories from the twin parterre,
With what prophetic voice they tell
  The changeful hue of all things here!
To-day we bloom in friendship's hallowed light,
  To-day we live in hope's bright dawn,
To-day our paths with flowers are bright,
  To-morrow friends and hopes and flowers are gone!

LINES ADDRESSED TO PROFESSOR AGASSIZ

To tread the secret paths of Nature's walks,
And through the dark and labyrinthine maze
Of breathing things to track her footsteps still;
To seek the hidden springs of conscious life,
And with mysterious progress wander on
Through all the changes of its devious course;
From off the wisdom of its inner world
To tear the outward veil that closely shrouds
From human gaze its well-concerted plan,

And hides the curious secret of its germ;
To re-create the long-forgotten hosts
That in creation's dim and early dawn
On earth's green bosom found a peaceful home,
And from the ashes of primeval things
The story of a perished race to write.
To build anew the fabric of a world
Whose awful forms, like scattered wrecks,
In deep and unremembered darkness lie;
To find in all things order, and in all
The wisdom and benevolence that speaks
The boundless power and mighty hand of *God:*
To this thy years of happy toil are given,
Great teacher of the secret ways of Him
Whose thoughts we read upon the blazoned wing
Of happy insect tribes, and birds that soar
On joyous wing up to the opal skies,
And forms that range the unfathomed floods,
And all the shapes innumerable that dwell
Upon its peopled coasts, and in the mien
And godlike aspect of his creature man!

A VALENTINE

As sailors, out upon the lonely sea,
Descry afar their loved and native shore,
And from the thraldom of the waves set free,
In sadness pine to tread its hills once more,
So doomed upon thy beauty from afar
To gaze, with beating heart and longing eye,
Love wages still with fear a constant war
Lest new-born hope should blossom but to die.

As homesick travellers o'er the desert sands
Hear, floating down the thick and burning air,
The songs of birds from bright and happy lands
That wing their flight to forests green and fair,
So doomed upon thine accents from afar
To dream, with beating heart and longing eye,
Love wages still with fear a constant war
Lest new-born hopes should only bloom to die.

Oh, could I breathe into thy listening ear
The story of a strong, impassioned soul;
Oh, could I to thy gentle side draw near
And all the secrets of my heart unroll;
Oh, could I, seated by thy side the while,
But tell thee how from day to day
I only live in thy sweet smile
And hate the night that snatches thee away.

Oh, could my burning lips but truly tell
How deeply, fondly, I am only thine!
Oh, could a stranger's faithful heart reveal
What heavenly bliss it were to call thee mine;
Ah, then perhaps some answering strain,
Deep in thy guileless heart concealed,
Might whisper that I had not loved in vain,
Nor had in vain that love revealed.

ANOTHER VALENTINE

Break from the throng of human moths
That flutter idly round thy way,
Whose worthless homage dies like froth
Of billows in some shallow bay,
That burst in noisy nothings on the shore
And vanish into empty air once more.

Unto thy noble self be true,
And scorn the shallow heart, sweet Ann,
That like a stagnant pool reflects
The follies of a brainless man;
Oh, let not specious dross deceive thy sight,
All is not solid gold that glitters bright.

Thy heart is noble, and thy fate,
Ignobly linked, should never be
With one who can but idly prate
In worthless words and phrases free.
"*Respice finem!*" be the motto thine,
E'en tho' perchance you scorn my
Valentine.

TO ——

As in some dim secluded vale
By human footsteps seldom trod
The primrose blooms in beauty pale,
Sole mistress of the lonely sod,
So in my heart's secluded cell,
Unseen by vain or vulgar eye,
Fond dreams of thee forever dwell,
And hopes that still refuse to die.

As in some lonely mountain dell
Wild roses drink the morning dew,
And to the listening planets tell
Their sorrows sad and passion true,
So in my heart's concealed domain
Thine image dwelleth all unseen;
So answers back my soul to thine,
Its peerless flower—its thronèd queen.

As golden sands that rest unknown
'Neath some dark river's lonely waves,
Or pearls that glitter, thickly strown,
In ocean's green and silent caves,
So deeply buried in my soul
Thine image dwells in living light,
Though round it earth's dull waters roll,
Still unrevealed to mortal sight.

Thy beauty fell upon my lonely way
Like pensive music in a dream,
Or sunshine of an April day
Upon a dark tempestuous stream;
And still refusing to depart,
Thou buildest there thy stainless throne,
Filling with joy the trembling heart
That beats responsive to thine own.

LINES TO MRS. K.

(With a copy of "Light on Little Graves")

When o'er the withered flowers that sweetly grew
Beside the pathway of our early years,
Forever to her buried treasures true
Pale memory sheds her bitterest tears;
When on the promise of our early years
Heart-sickness falls and quickly turns to dust
The hopes that grew, twin-children with our fears;
When in the prime of life we feel its rust,
And standing still in cold and dumb despair
We darkly dream of joys forever fled,
While still upon the thick and heavy air
There come the voices of our early dead,
Oh, then how brightly dawns the heavenly light
That wraps the future in its golden waves,
That sheds its lustre o'er our cheerless night,
And gilds with glory still their little graves.

LINES TO A LADY ON HER NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY

November's withered leaves around thy feet,
Like banners torn and trailed, are strewn once more,
Autumnal skies once more above thy head
In dreamy beauty bend, and in the air
The winds once more a solemn music make,
As if they sang a requiem for the days,
The long bright summer days, which thou hast known.
For nineteen years the scented breath of Spring
Hath wantoned in thy flowing auburn hair,
And turned to roses on thy maiden cheek
The buds that in thy childhood blossomed there.
For nineteen rolling years hast thou beheld
The early primrose born upon the lea,
And daffodils, whose lives so swiftly passed,
That when returning from thy morning stroll,
They stood, like Niobe, in tears amid
Their blossoms fair but pale and scattered forms.
For nineteen blooming summers hast thou heard
The matins of the thrush, and listened oft,
At drowsy eve, to the sweet hum of praise
That rose from all the insect tribes of earth
To Him on high, the Lord of Sabaoth.
And thou hast looked upon the garnered grain

Once more, beheld once more the garlands red
That Autumn hangs upon the sighing woods,
And heard once more the blackbird's morning song,
As, sailing through the misty sea of air,
He sought the sunshine of a brighter clime.
How many hours have winged their happy flight
Since first upon thy wondering gaze there broke
The light of red November skies; since then
How many dreams of childish joy have wove,
In fancy's loom, their bright and golden woof.
How many tears on childhood's rosy cheek,
Like dew-drops on the morning-glory stood.
In girlhood's clear and cloudless prime how oft
Hath woman's life to thy young fancy seemed
A path among the overhanging hills,
Which led to summits bright though distant far,
Where thou wert fain to climb; and now that thou
The jewelled crown of maidenhood dost wear,
And standest where the branching roads divide,
And backward look upon the little path
So narrow, yet so fringed with flowers, which
Thou hast thus far trod, and forward to the
Wide and open road that leads, amid
Alternate shade and sun, by frowning woods
And steep ascents and smooth sweet plains, where flow
The tranquil waters which reflect, as from
The skies, the graces and the full-blown charms

Of perfect womanhood,—ah! who shall tell
The fortunes of thy future way, or say
At what dim point upon its upward steep
Thy gentle footprints shall be lost to view,
And by thy fellow pilgrims seen no more.
The time shall come, oh, maiden full of hope,
When, all unseen by thee, the primrose and
The daffodil shall bloom in pride again,
And in their April days a thousand flowers
Shall flutter in the early breath of Spring;
When Summer with his sheaves and golden crown
Shall pass in regal splendor by, and thou
No more behold his bannered pomp, or hear
The swelling music of his lordly march;
When Autumn, in his crimson plumes, for thee
No more shall dress his forest children strong,
And white-haired Winter, in his snowy cowl,
No more before thine eyes, like patriarch
Of an hundred years, shall slowly move;
When, all unknown to thee shall be the bloom
Of early violets, and the rustling sound
Of brown November's sere and withered leaves.
To-day, as from a starting-post anew,
Thou takest up thy pilgrim staff again;
To-day, like her of old whose banner streamed
Victorious from the walls of Orleans,
Thou bucklest on thy woman's armor
For the field of life; bright skies bend o'er thee,

And happy omens gird thee all around.
Go forth! in beauty and in innocence,
Still fix thine eye on that eternal star
That changeless shines forever in the sky,
That when at last upon thy birthday morn
November's withered leaves shall sadly fall,
Where thou in fearless faith shalt lay thee down,
Some friendly hand above thy dust may write,
Through this triumphal arch she passed to Heaven.

TO J.

Joyless my way and dark the brightest day
  Until beside the murmuring sea,
Like Aphrodite on the sands at play,
  I saw thee in thy beauty proud and free,
And felt how sweet were life to live with thee!

DAGUERREOTYPES

CAROLINE

A face to be remembered in a dream,
The chiselled features of a Roman maid,
With dark-brown hair and light-blue eyes, that seem
As though from some wild German home betrayed.
Composure sleeps upon her forehead broad,
Like placid moonlight on the drifted snow,
While prudence at her lips keeps watch and ward,
And on her cheeks expiring sunsets glow.
Queenly and proud upon a silver throne
Her reason sits, in majesty arrayed,
While fancy pines in solitude alone,
As e'en to plume her untried wings afraid.
Her judgment strong and bright as Spanish steel
Thrice tempered in the ice-brook's freezing source,
And Atlas sooner from his seat shall reel
Than flowers beguile her from her beaten course.
A heart serene as Northern skies that bend
O'er lands which coldly slumber 'neath the pole,
Yet proves forever faithful to its friend,
Tho' passionless and still its currents roll.

EMMA

A face that in a chequered sunshine sleeps,
Where smiles are thickly sown as stars on high,
O'er whose bright noon of peace there sometimes creeps
A shade like summer clouds upon the sky;
A mind whose lights and shadows come and go
Like autumn sunshine on the distant hills,
Whose thoughts are changeful as the summer glow
That sparkles on the breast of Alpine rills;
And yet, when weighty things its powers absorb,
Shines calmly, clearly forth like some bright star,
Then seen no more, a wandering changeful orb,
But pours o'er all its constant light from far,
A heart whose restless passions rise and fall
Like trampling waves upon the shifting sand,
Yet which, at life's more grave and solemn call,
Grows still again at duty's high command.

TO —— WITH A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS

Sweet flowers, they say, are voiceless words,
And hide within their blossoms fair
A mystic language never heard
Or breathed upon the tell-tale air.
For in the heart's deep quiet cell
There often lives and reigns, sweet maid,
A thought too wild for words to tell,
To be by flowers alone betrayed.

LINES WRITTEN IN A PRAYER-BOOK

Here, as in some sacred and enduring ark,
The Church, the severed bride of Christ, hath writ
The record of her strong immortal love
To Him, her dear and absent Lord; and here
She standeth by the wicket gate that leads
By narrow paths unto her distant home,
And to the passers-by, through falling tears,
She showeth one by one the footprints deep
Wherein the sorrow-laden went, and all
The rugged way through which He trod
From Earth to Heaven—from Bethlehem to God.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE COUNTESS PAULINA BENTIVOGLIO ON HER DEPARTURE FOR ROME, WITH A DEAD BUTTERFLY ENCLOSED

O gentle sister! Sweet Pauline!
Like this bright child of happy air,
Whose sunny flight and golden sheen
Are perished soon like all things fair,
My heart to-day is dark and chill,
And through each madly throbbing vein
There runs a wild mysterious thrill,
While tear-drops fall like summer rain.
How shall my soul from memory flee,
Or lonely bear its anguish keen;
How shall I say farewell to thee,
My sister dear, O sweet Pauline!

LINES INSCRIBED ON THE WALLS OF HIS ROOM IN BURLINGTON

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, whate'er thy name,
The child of fortune, or unknown to fame,
Whose wandering steps and weary feet
Have found at length this calm and safe retreat,
Know that before thee one hath hither strayed
Whose soul was weary of the world's parade,
Its hollow heart, its falsehood and its pride,
Its siren promise and deceit beside,
Who found at last, beside this humble hearth,
What most of all things he had sought on earth,—
A beauteous form, all gentleness and love,
With goodness that belongs to saints above.

CLOUDS

The sky hath clouds that come and go
With a wild motion to and fro,
Spreading their shadows broad and grim
O'er lowland field and mountain stream;
Strewing the sea with ashes gray,
Turning to night the shining day.
And still they come and still they go,
With a wild motion to and fro,
With straggling beams of light between,
Making the darkness darker seem.

The soul hath clouds that come and go
With a wild motion to and fro,
Spreading their shadows broad and grim
O'er all the shining realm within;
Strewing the heart with ashes pale,
Darkening its sun with dusky veil.
And still they come and still they go,
With a wild motion to and fro.
With straggling beams of hope between,
Making its darkness darker seem.

Heart-land hath skies of deeper blue
Than paradisal climes e'er knew,
And fields that glow with fairer flowers
Than ever bloomed in tropic bowers;
And streams, that in the noon-tide sun,
Like diamonds sparkle as they run.
But o'er its sheen and beauty all
The clouds—the clouds, they still must fall;
Must ever come and ever go
With a wild motion to and fro.

LINES TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTHDAY

A little sail upon a peaceful sea,
An azure sky, and sunlight on the lea—
So glides thy tiny bark by childhood's shore,
A gentle breeze behind, the ocean all before.
Protecting angels guide thee o'er the pathless wave!
And God's strong arm around thee to succor and to save.

SUNSHINE

(An answer to "Clouds")

I.

The world is made of light and shade,
  As full of joy as full of sorrow;
Then why, while yet the storm is stayed,
  Think we of clouds to-morrow?
Why not enjoy the gifts that God
  Hath dealt with lavish hand,
The gifts of health and youth and love,
  A threefold golden band?

II.

The blackest cloud must pass ere long
  And fly before the sun's bright ray,
The darkest hour is just ere dawn
  Unlocks the shining gates of day.
Then why not look beyond the clouds,
  Where still the sunshine gleameth bright,
And when they make thy way seem dark,
  Remember that beyond is light.

S. D. T.

TO S. D. T.

(With some wild flowers gathered in the mountains of Lycoming)

When in the self-same native glen,
  Where first their infant breath they drew,
These modest flowers shall bloom again
  And drink again the mountain dew.
When on Lycoming's lonely hills
  The tall and antler'd deer shall roam,
And as he stoops to drink the rills
  That burst around his feet in foam,
His glistening eye shall meet once more
  Upon the bank of creeping thyme
The self-same flowers he saw of yore,
  When queenly May was in her prime.
    Forget me then!

A SICK-BED PSALM

O Thou, the Lord of all the rolling year,
Whose hand unfolds the timid blooms of May,
And on November's chaplets brown and sere
Writeth the changes of our chequered day;
O Thou, whose truth and love and power
On all the pages of our Life we read,
Whose mercy watcheth o'er each drooping flower,
Whose staff alone can help us in our need,
Teach us in meek humility to live,
To read aright the volume of thy ways,
Silently to suffer and believe,
Or only speak to lisp thy God-like praise.

TO J.

Joy to thee, thou Queen of all my soul!
Upon thy path may nought but sunshine rest!
Like laughing seas that round some island roll
I bear thee ever in my loving heart,
And still rejoice to own thy sweet control.

CAROLINE

(A Birthday Ode)

Sweet cowslips from the meadow bring,
  And myrtle blossoms from the grove,
White lilies—children of the Spring—
  And roses soft that blush with love.
Bring fairest flowers on earth that bloom,
  And with their leaves a garland twine
For her, the child of regal June,
  His fairest flower—Sweet Caroline!

Let dew-drops gem each bending spray,
  And larks proclaim at early dawn
The golden footsteps of the day
  On which fair Caroline was born.
Let thrushes sing at sultry noon,
  And music fill the day's decline,
For 'tis the twenty-fifth of June,
  The birthday of fair Caroline!

Let summer clouds their snowy sails
  In azure seas serenely spread,
And shining streams through quiet vales
  With soft and noiseless footsteps tread.

Let gentle airs, that idly stray
O'er shady banks of creeping thyme,
With fragrance fill the livelong day,
And breathe the name of Caroline!

A festal song for royal June!
His forest throne and crown of leaves,
The glory of his sultry noon,
The silent splendor of his eve.
A festal wreath—a festal crown
Of bright immortal flowers entwine
For her, the daughter of his pride,
His fairest flower—Sweet Caroline!

LINES TO H. N.

Blow west, O wind, o'er many a snow-clad plain,
Blow east, o'er many a league of dreary sea,
Blow south, and shake the orange-blooms again,
Then blow forever from the north to me!

Blow from the east with beating storm and rain,
Blow from the west the clouds that seek the sea,
Blow orange odors from the southern plain,
Then blow forever from the north to me!

AN EPITAPH ON A FAVORITE SCOTCH DOG CALLED "MAJOR"

Moritur Major quem nemo
minus dilexit quod non ma-
jor fuit, cuique fortuna
venire dedit ad maximam
ætatem canum—

Mortuus,
VIII Id. Apr.
MDCCCLXXIX
Æt. Octodecim annos.

ANOTHER EPITAPH ON "MAJOR"

Hic jacet Major, quo nullus
unquam canis fidelior fuit—
longe felix vixit, felix mori-
tur.

TO CHARLOTTE G., OF BOSTON, ACCOMPANYING A BOW DROPPED BY MISS G.

[These lines accompanied a bow dropped by Miss G. on the floor. Miss G., during her short stay in Philadelphia, did not hesitate often to express her dissatisfaction at everything she found there.]

Dear Charley, we are grieved to learn
That in that filthy Quaker town,
Where now you make your brief sojourn,
Your heart to zero has gone down.
We know how hard it is to stay
Where all you see is but so so,
And lest with grief you should be *gray*
We send you on a Boston *beau*.

TO ——

Here's a " Happy New Year," Miss Annie, to you
And all other ladies as gentle and true.
The old one is gone to his dull quiet snooze,
And the young one this morning " stepped into his shoes."
He's a nice little fellow, with red rosy cheeks,
But he'll be older somewhat in a very few weeks.
Altho' he has now scarce any beard on his chin,
Still ere he's much older he may yet " take you in."

He's a baby full grown, yet so cunning and sly
You'll scarcely see anything "green in his eye;"
And yet he's so modest you'd imagine, no doubt,
That his venerable mama scarce "knew he was out."
Be cautious, Miss Annie, don't trust him too far,
For he's not a bit better than his old musty Papa;
And altho' he may dance to a different tune,
You'll find him at last the "same old coon."
His face is as fair as the new fall'n snow,
But his heart is as black as an African crow;
He'll promise everything as "nice as mince pie,"
And yet in the end put you off with a lie.
So pray, Sweetest Annie, don't trust him too much,
For his vows, like his snowflakes, are gone "at a touch."
If he treats you politely, pray treat him the same;
If he shows any rudeness, just show him you're "game."
If on any mischief you see he is bent,
Just smile on him sweetly—I'm sure he'll relent.
For with all his bad habits some good ones are mixed,
In his love for sweet ladies immovably fixed.
And if for a moment he plotted you wrong,
At the smile on your lip he'd "up stakes and be gone."

But here I must end my verse Hudibrastic,
Which, altho' in its structure so very elastic,
To so prosy a length is already drawn
That I fear very much it will bring on a yawn.
You'll pardon, I know, this fantastical rhyme
When you've found out the author (in progress of time),
And if you should not, I'll vow in this way
Not to sin any more till Valentine's Day.
Farewell, then, Sweet Annie, forgive me, I pray,
And we'll "talk it all over" some dull rainy day.
In those happy new years that still are to come,
All brighter by far than the years that are gone.
Those Happy New Years, Sweet Annie and true,
That dance through my slumbers when I dream of you.

LAKE GEORGE

There is a clear and bright blue lake
  Embosom'd in the rocky north.
No murmur doth its silence break,
  As on its waves we sally forth.
The mountain bird floats high aloft
  Above his wild and craggy nest,
And gazes from his towering throne
  Upon the torrent's sparkling breast.

While far beneath, in light and shade,
The bright green valleys frown and smile,
And in the bed sweet nature made
The lake sleeps soft and sweet the while.
O'er many a green and lovely wild
The golden sun doth gayly smile,
But 'mid them all he doth not break,
As on his race he sallies forth,
On fairer scene or sweeter lake
Than the lake of the rocky north.

AN ANSWER TO MISS LANDON'S "LOVE IN A COTTAGE"

They tell me that you smile too oft
Upon my lone and solitary way,
That gentle words and glances soft,
Too frequent given, are thrown away.
They say that frowns should sometimes cloud
The face where love and kindness always reign;
That pride and scorn should sometimes shroud
The heart that ne'er hath given pain;
That lover's looks, like April skies, should change—
Now clothed in light, now robed in storm;
That glances cold and actions strange
Should vex and wring the heart forlorn.

Ah, little do such wise ones dream
That true love ne'er can falsehood seem,
That where the heart hath stored its wealth
There is no pride or love of self;
That lovers' looks would scorn to feign
Feelings that would true love pain;
That vain deceit and empty art
Dwell but in the hollow heart;
That Love's serene and holy light
Is not the meteor of a summer's night,
But sheds its constant light afar,
In Life's blue Heaven the brightest star!

A BLESSING

Peace be within those tranquil walls,
And health and comfort bless their store;
The pomp that dwells in marble halls
Might sigh for these, nor hope for more.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Here to-day and gone to-morrow,
First full of joy, then full of sorrow;
So bear we through this mortal strife
The trophies and the scars of life.

LIFE

Oh, life is but a dream,
A sunbeam's play,
A flower on a stream
Passing away.

A song in the air,
A bridal gay,
So sweet in its coming,
But passing away.

A bird on the wing,
A meteor's ray,
A solemn mysterious thing
Passing away.

THE ICEBERG

Look out! look out! and see
A castle on the deep,
A floating castle, high and strong,
With buttress huge and bastion steep.
No warder treads its silent tower,
No guard keeps watch below,
No voice within its lofty halls
Save the ocean's ceaseless flow.

Its walls are high, its walls are strong,
While arch on arch lies piled on high,
Its awful gate is open flung,
But no victor draweth nigh.
No trumpet shakes its vaulted roof,
No banner to the breeze is flung,
No prancing steeds within its court,
No steel-clad men its aisles among.
No minstrel's harp beneath the tower
Breathes forth its wild and plaintive notes,
No minstrel's voice upon the air
In soft and varied numbers floats.
No clamb'ring vines steal o'er the tower,
Or wreathe their arms around its walls,
The sea-weed clings unto its base,
And from each arch in clusters falls.
No eagle buildeth here his nest
And plumes his wings for distant shores;
The sea-bird screameth 'round its base,
Then high above its rampart soars.
No mortal reared its giant walls
Above the deep and rolling tide,
No cunning artist carved its stones,
Or built its portals huge and wide.
By fairy hands its towers were raised
From out the cold and sluggish tide,
And voiceless forms their revels kept
Within its arches cold and wide.

The flashing light of polar skies
For ages on its grandeur gleamed,
In silent splendor on its pillars fell,
And through its ragged casement stream'd.
A thousand days, a thousand years,
In cold sublimity it stood;
A thousand storms its turrets shook,
And lash'd its base in angry mood;
Till, from the silence of the frozen zone—
The endless winter of the north—
A fairy fabric white and huge,
It broke its way and floated forth.
And still as e'er it saileth on,
A silver castle on the silent sea,
No landmark marks its onward course,
As o'er the waves it floateth free.
In tropic climes its turrets rise,
As fair as 'neath the Arctic sky,
And fragrant winds around it moan
And through its ruined arches sigh.
Oh, woe unto the hapless ship
That in its swift and gallant flight
The castle of the ocean met
In the still and voiceless night.
No warning broke from out its walls,
No beacon from its portals shone,
The struggling ship with terror reeled,
Then plunged and sank in depths unknown.

A thousand fathoms o'er them roll,
  A thousand stars keep watch on high,
The tempest breaks above their heads,
  The thunder rolls unheeded by.
They'll dream no more, they'll dream no more
  Of singing lark and woodbine bower,
In sea-green caves they slumber now,
  To wake, to weep, to dream no more.

THE BURIAL OF THE OLD YEAR

Hark! the midnight bell is tolling
  With a deep and hollow sound;
And a solemn murmur rolling
  The earth and sea around.

With solemn mien from far they come,
  And slow and measured tread,
The spectres of the years long gone
  To the burial of the dead.

In thronging groups from far they come,
  With furrowed cheeks and locks of snow;
And a low and solemn dirge they chant,
  As to the open grave they go.

" Dust to dust is the doom of all
That dwell beneath the spreading sky;
The pale white shroud and sable pall
Must wrap them all both low and high.

The King upon his blazing throne,
And the lone shepherd of the vale,
Where'er their lot in life be cast,
Must pass at last within the veil.

The walls that stood a thousand years,
And braved the strength of time and storm,
Must mingle with their native dust,
And reassume their olden form.

The flower that smiled within the glen,
The dwelling of the roving bee,
Must droop and die ere day is gone,
Or twilight gathers o'er the lea.

The oak that spread its giant arms
Athwart the still and starry sky,
Must bend unto its parent earth,
And on its bosom prostrate lie.

The old man, with his locks so white,
And the child with flaxen curls,
Must reach at last the silent land,
Where death his dusky flag unfurls.

To doom, to doom, we hasten all!
As all have done in ages past,
Through a thousand broad and crowded ways
We go, but reach the goal at last."

The grave is reached, the lonely grave
Of the old and careworn year,
The sands are dropped on the coffin lid,
All moist and damp with the falling tear.

No trophy at his head they place,
And at his feet no record stone;
His pillow is the driven snow,
His fun'ral dirge the wild wind's moan.

In thronging groups away they stalk,
With furrowed cheeks and locks of snow,
And a low and solemn hymn they chant,
As from the silent grave they go.

" Sleep, brother, in thy lowly bed!
The wintry wind in vain shall seek
To reach thee in thy resting place,
Or break thy slumbers long and deep.

" The summer flowers shall blossom soon
Above thy cold and snow-white head,
And summer winds a requiem sing,
For the old and honored dead."

THE VOICE OF THE SPRING-TIME

I come! I come! from the flowery South,
With the voice of song and a shout of mirth;
I have wandered far, I have wandered long,
The valleys and hills of the South among;
On woodland and glen, on mountain and moor,
I have smiled as I smiled in the days of yore;
In emerald green I have decked them forth,
And again I turn to my home in the North.

I have roved afar through the storied East,
And held on her hills my solemn feast;
Through her cypress groves my voice was heard,
In the music sweet of my sweetest bird;
Each plain I have clothed in sunlight warm,
And slumbered secure 'neath the desert palm;
A garment of light to the sea I gave,
And melody sweet to each rolling wave.

O'er the isles that gem the Ægean sea
I sported and flew with frolicsome glee;
'Round the ruins gray of the olden time
Bright garlands I wove of the creeping vine;

Ah, little they thought, who slumber beneath,
That the warrior's plume and the victor's wreath
Would fade like the blossoms that spring-time flings
'Round the cotter's grave and the tombs of kings.

O'er Marathon gray I walked in my pride,
And roved o'er the plain where the bravest had died;
On the field of Platæa I laid me down,
Under the shadows deep of old Cithæron's frown.
Full soundly, I ween, doth the Persian sleep,
Where the fir-trees mourn and the wild flowers creep;
His requiem soft I sang as I lay,
And dreamed of the glory of Greece on that day.

O'er Italia's hills soft sunlight I poured,
And her olive-groves bloomed wherever I trod;
A coronet green to the mountains I gave,
And a robe of blue to each laughing wave;
With verdure I clothed each mouldering pile,
And laughed at the pride of man the while;
For I thought how old Time had trampled in scorn
On each beggar's hut and each kingly crown.

I come! I come! with the song of the thrush,
To wake with its sweetness the morning's blush;
To hang on the hawthorn my blossoms fair,
And strew o'er each field my flowrets rare.
The lark, he is up, on his heavenward flight,
And the forest all gemm'd with diamonds bright;
The hills are all bathed in purple and gold,
And the bleating of flocks is heard from the fold.

Go forth! go forth! for the spring-time is come,
And makes in the North his bright sunny home;
The sky is his banner—the hills his throne—
Where in glory robed he sits all alone;
In the depths of the woods his footsteps are seen,
By each moss-covered rock and each babbling stream;
And his voice is heard through each leaf-clad tree,
In the plaint of the dove and the hum of the bee.

ARCHYTAS—A TRANSLATION

(Horace, Carmen XXVIII, Liber I)

Nauta.

A little dust unto thy lifeless form refused
Binds thee, Archytas, to this lone Mantinian Shore,
Who once all seas and lands and desert wastes wert used
To measure with thy dark mysterious lore;
Nor did it then avail thee aught, when doomed to die,
That thou had'st oft essayed, on fancy's tow'r-ing wings,
To range through all the chambers of the sky,
And to the farthest pole explore the universe of things.

Archytas umbra.

Mock not my fate, for Pelops' sire is also dead
Tho' guest of Gods, and Tithonus, translated to the skies,
And Minos, once admitted to the secrets dread
Of Jove himself, and Panthous' son in Orcus lies,

Twice thither sent, altho' with Trojan shield and rust
He witness bore to other times, and still defies
The tyrant death, who nothing conquered but his dust.
One dark and gloomy night remains, my friend, for all,
And once, at least, with falt'ring step, we all must tread
The dismal path that ends beneath the fun'ral pall
Where rest the weary footsteps of the silent dead.
Some for the sport of cruel Mars the Furies send,
Beneath th' insatiate sea the sailor finds a tomb,
The funerals of young and old together blend,
Proserpina, the cruel, not one forgets to doom.
So here at length the strong south wind, that always waits
On setting Orion, hath me o'erwhelmed beneath the roar
Of wild Illyrian waves, while angry fates
On wand'ring seas upborne have left me on this lonely shore.
But thou some pity take, if thou a sailor be,
And grudge not a little sand to these unburied bones,
That so, whatever winds may vex th' Italian sea,

By Jove and Neptune led, through all the zones
Thou prosperous shalt sail, and countless wealth obtain.
But if perchance, neglectful of my fate forlorn,
Impiously thou shalt from these last rites refrain,
Then shall thy line though all its distant branches mourn!
Fruitless all expiation then, nor shall thy prayers atone
For this thy nameless crime. So, ere thou passest by,
Altho' in haste, tarry a little space I pray,
And lest forever on this dreary coast I lie,
Sprinkle with a little dust this poor unburied clay!

November, 1889.

TO CHLOE—A TRANSLATION

(Horace, 23d Ode)

Like a young fawn in pathless mountains straying,
Her timid mother's footsteps still delaying,
Frightened by each trembling leaf that Spring unfolds,
Alarmed by every breeze that blows across the wolds,
Transfixed with terror if a lizard only glides
From the green covert where at noon he hides,—
So startled Chloe flies if but I chance to cross her path,
As if a tiger followed, or Gaetulian lion in his wrath.
Oh, cease these vain and foolish tricks, fair maid,
And learn no more of men to be afraid,
The time hath come to quit your watchful mother's side,
In other eyes to live, in other arms to hie.

TO LYDIA—A TRANSLATION

(Horace, Book I., Ode VIII)

Tell me, sweet Lydia, I adjure thee,
By all the deities who dwell above,
Why Sybaris no more himself can be
Transformed and maddened by the arts of love.
Why, patient no more of dust and sun,
He quite forsakes the bright and sunny plain,
Where with his mates in olden times he won
The proudest prize of all the warlike train.
No longer on his steed of Gallic blood,
He prances through the admiring crowd,
No more he battles with old Tiber's yellow flood,
Or hears the wrestlers' plaudits long and loud.
No more the discus by his brawny arm,
Light as a feather to its goal is flown,
No more the swiftly flying spear can charm,
That far beyond its shining mark was thrown.
More than the deadly viper's poisonous blood
The oil which bathed his manly limbs he hates,
And shuns the glorious field where oft he stood,
As if beleaguered by avenging fates.
Why hides he, Lydia, like a craven hind,
As sea-born Thetis' son—in youth unmanned—
In women's clothes was hid, lest fate should find
Too soon, the hero born to scourge the Lycian band.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THEOCRITUS

IDYL FIRST

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Idyl Thyrsis, the shepherd, and a goatherd converse together. Thyrsis sings in a pastoral strain of Daphnis wasting away and dying with love, and receives in return for this from the goatherd a goat which yielded her milk thrice a day, and a beautiful ivy goblet.

Thyrsis.

Sweet is the melody, O Goatherd, of this pine-tree which murmurs by the side of the springs, and sweetly do you pipe. You will bear away after Pan the second prize. If he shall choose the ram, you will receive the she-goat; and should he take the female as his prize, the kid will fall to you.

Goatherd.

Still sweeter, O Shepherd, is your lay than the murmuring stream which falls from yonder rocks on high, and should the muses bear away the ewe as their prize, you will have the fatted lamb; and if they should be pleased to take the lamb, you will then receive the ewe.

Thyrsis.

Will you not, O Goatherd, as you sit here in the midst of the Nymphs, on this sloping bank, where the tamarisks grow, play upon your pipe? In the mean time I will tend your goats.

Goatherd.

It is not right, O Shepherd. It is not safe for us to play on the pipe at noontide, for we fear Pan, who, then wearied with the chase, is taking his repose, and is then, as you know, peevish, with wrath lurking in his nostrils; but come (for you, O Thyrsis, are acquainted with the woes of Daphnis, and are perfect in the pastoral strain). Come, let us sit beneath this elm, opposite the statue of Priapus and the Naiids, where the oaks are, and the shepherd's seat; and if you will but sing as you once sang when contending with Chromis of Libya, I will give you a goat which, though she has borne twins, is milked thrice a day; which, though she has two kids, is yet milked two pailfuls; and also an ivy goblet deep and polished with fragrant wax, having two ears and newly made, as yet fresh from the sculptor's hands, around whose brim the ivy winds on high, the ivy twined with chrysanthemums; around it are also twined, the tendrils decked with saffron fruit, and within it

is carved a lady,—some device of the gods,—a lady adorned with a robe and a fillet, and near her are two men braiding her hair, and alternately taunting each other with words; but these things do not seem to affect her, for sometimes smiling she looks upon this one, and at other times she turns to the other, and they, with eyes long swollen with love, toil in vain. Near this group there is also an old fisherman and a rock rudely sculptured, upon which the old man is eagerly drawing up his net for a cast, like one who is laboring to the utmost of his strength. You would say he was fishing with all his might, for, although gray-haired, the sinews upon his neck are everywhere swollen, and his strength is that which belongs to youth. At a short distance from the seaworn old man is a vineyard loaded heavily with ripe grapes, while a little boy, seated beneath the thorn hedge, is guarding it, and near him are two foxes, the one prowling through the rows of vines and injuring the grapes, and the other, laying his plans for the boy's wallet, seems to say that he will not depart until he shall have made him sit down without his dinner. The boy has a beautiful grasshopper trap of asphodils, braiding it with bulrushes, nor is he at all concerned about his wallet, but is less taken up with his vines than his trap. All around this goblet are unfolded the moist leaves of the acan-

thus; an Æolic scene, a wonder which would astonish you. I gave as the price of it to a Caledonian sailor a she-goat and a large cheese made of white milk. The goblet has never touched my lips and is still unsoiled, yet willingly would I gratify you with it, my friend, if you would but sing that lovely lay. Nor will I envy you it afterwards. Come, then, kind sir, for surely you will not reserve the song for oblivious Pluto.

Thyrsis.

Begin, O lovely Muses. Begin the rustic lay! This is Thyrsis from Ætna, and this is Thyrsis' song.

Where, O Nymphs, where were you when Daphnis pined and died? in the beautiful vales of Peneus, or Mount Pindar? for you surely were not there by the great river Arapis, the heights of Ætna, or the sacred waters of Acis.

Begin, O lovely Muses. Begin the rustic lay! Him the jackalls and the wolves bemoaned, and him the forest lion bewailed when dead.

Begin, O lovely Muses. Begin the rustic lay! Many cows and many bulls, many calves and many heifers, had then reason to mourn.

Begin, O lovely Muses. Begin the rustic lay! Mercury came first from the mountain, and cried

out, "Who distresses thee, O Daphnis, or with whom are you in love?"

Begin, lovely Muses, oh, begin the rustic lay! Cowherds, shepherds, and goatherds, all came and asked, "What evil has befallen him?" and Priapus came and cried, "Why, O wretched Daphnis, do you pine thus?" and a jealous damsel also came and wandered alone through the groves and about the fountain, and cried out, "Are you some disconsolate lover, you who were once counted a cowherd? Now, however, you resemble a goatherd!"

The cowherd answered them naught, but bore his bitter love, and bore it, indeed, until his destiny was fulfilled.

And Venus came sweet and smiling, smiling, indeed, in secret, but showing deep resentment, and cried, "You boasted that you would conquer Love, but Love has conquered you!"

Then Daphnis answered her, "O cruel Venus! Malicious Venus! Venus so full of woe to mortals! But all things show that my sun has set, and Daphnis will be in Hades a mourning lover. Begone to Ida, where Anchises is said to have loved Venus! Begone to Anchises, where are the oaks, and the long cypress, and where sweetly hum the bees around their hives!

There the blooming Adonis tends his flocks, strikes down the hares, and hunts his wild game.

Again, go stand by Diomed and say, I have conquered Daphnis, the cowherd, now then contend thou with me.

O ye wolves and jackals, and ye bears that dwell in the dens of the mountains.

Farewell! I, your herdsman, Daphnis, am no longer in forest, thicket, or grove.

Farewell, Arethusa! and ye streams which empty yourselves into the fair waters of Thymbris.

I am the Daphnis who here fed his cows, the Daphnis who here watered his bulls and his heifers.

O Pan, Pan! Whether you are now roving over the lofty mountains of Lycaisis or over Menelaus the great, come to this isle of Sicily, forsake the promontory of Helice and that lofty tomb of the son of Lycaon (Menelaus), which even the blessed gods themselves admire.

Come, O King of the forest, and take this beautiful pipe, fragrant with compact wax and worn by my lips, for now am I dragged by love down to the realms of Pluto.

Now let brambles and briars put forth violets, and the narcissus wave instead of junipers. Let all things be reversed: let the pine bring forth pears, for Daphnis is dead! Let the stag entice the dogs, and the owls of the mountains vie with the nightingale in song. Cease, ye Muses. Now cease this rustic lay."

Having said these things, he ceased. Venus wished to restore him, but all the threads of life were exhausted, and Daphnis crossed the stream of Acheron. The gulf swallowed up the man beloved by the Muses, and not despised by the Nymphs.

Cease, ye Muses, cease the rustic lay! And Goatherd, now give me the goblet and the goat, that, milking it, I may make a libation to the Muses. Oh, a long adieu, ye Muses, adieu! In future I promise to sing more sweetly for you.

Goatherd.

May thy sweet mouth be filled with honey and the honey-comb! And mayest thou dine on the sweet dried figs from Ægilhis! for thou singest sweeter than the cricket. But behold the goblet! See, my friend, how sweetly it smells! Indeed, you would think it had been washed in the fountain of the Hours. Come hither, "Cissaetha!" and Thyrsis do you now milk her; and beware, ye kids, how ye frolic, lest the he-goat may bother you.

FROM JUVENAL'S TENTH SATIRE

Ask for a mind strong and without the fear of Death, which counts the last stage of life among the gifts of Nature, which can bear any trials, knows not to be angry, longs for nothing, and which reckons the toils and severe labors of Hercules more pleasant than the lasciviousness, the luxury, and the ease of Sardanapalus.

FROM THE LIFE OF AGRICOLA BY TACITUS—A TRANSLATION

Section XLIII

The day of Agricola's death was one of great affliction to his friends, nor was it unheeded even by strangers, and foreigners. The people, and that class who meddle not in affairs of state were constantly at his door, and his name was anxiously mentioned in the forum, and by many downcast groups of citizens. His death all mourned, and was not soon forgotten. The public sympathy was the more deeply enlisted from the circumstance of a report having gained ground that he had been taken off by poison! I, as the faithful chronicler of his life and death, dare not say this

report had any foundation, but this much is true, that during his whole illness the chief confidants of the Emperor and his most private physicians came oftener to the house of Agricola than is usual for an Emperor's visits, made as they are through other persons, and it is certain that the very moment of his dissolution was conveyed by appointed messengers to the palace. And who can believe that so much haste would have been used in the acquisition of unwelcome intelligence? Domitian, however, assumed the appearance of a mourner, for he was a man who could more easily disguise his joy than his fear. It was plain that the discovery that Agricola had appointed him a co-heir with his excellent wife and devoted daughter gave him great satisfaction. So blinded and depraved had become the tyrant's mind through constant adulation that he did not reflect that by a good father none but a cruel prince is appointed heir to his property.

Section XLVI

" If there be a land where the souls of the good find repose, if, as philosophers think, great souls are not destroyed with the bodies which they inhabit, sweetly mayest thou rest, shade of our father! and do thou call us and all thine household from vain regrets and weak lamentations to the con-

templation of virtues which it is not right to deplore; rather let us honor thee by our admiration of those virtues and (if frail nature will permit) by their imitation, than by the passing praises of time. This will be true honor, this the deepest reverence your kindness can display. I would enjoin it upon your daughter and wife so to revere the virtues of a sire and husband that, recalling every word and deed, they may forever fix in their minds the image of thy soul rather than that of thy body. Not that I would proscribe the busts made of marble and brass, but, since the images of the human body are as frail as their originals, that they may rather trace and portray the image of the eternal mind, which no art can imitate. That which we love and admire in Agricola remains, and will forever remain, shrined in the memory of man and the history of the world through all coming time. An inglorious oblivion has, indeed, rolled over many of the illustrious ancients, but the memory of Agricola, now that his life and character are submitted to posterity, will endure forever."

How truly is the prophecy fulfilled! Over how much that was glorious in the ancient world has time rolled its lethean wave, but in the memoir of Tacitus the memory of Agricola is embalmed forever.

M. R. T.

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